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Allama Muhammad Iqbal
- poems -

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Allama Muhammad Iqbal(9 November 1877 - 21 April 1938)

Sir Muhammad Iqbal, also known as Allama Iqbal, was a philosopher, poet and politician in British India who is widely regarded to have inspired the Pakistan Movement. He is considered one of the most important figures in Urdu literature, with literary work in both the Urdu and Persian languages.

Iqbal is admired as a prominent classical poet by Pakistani, Indian and other international scholars of literature. Although most well known as a poet, he has also been acclaimed as a modern Muslim philosopher. His first poetry book, Asrar-e-Khudi, appeared in the Persian language in 1915, and other books of poetry include Rumuz-i-Bekhudi, Payam-i-Mashriq and Zabur-i-Ajam. Some of his most well known Urdu works are Bang-i-Dara, Bal-i-Jibril and Zarb-i Kalim. Along with his Urdu and Persian poetry, his various Urdu and English lectures and letters have been very influential in cultural, social, religious and political disputes over the years. In 1922, he was knighted by King George V, giving him the title "Sir".

During his years of studying law and philosophy in England, Iqbal became a member of the London branch of the All India Muslim League. Later, in one of his most famous speeches, Iqbal pushed for the creation of a Muslim state in Northwest India. This took place in his presidential speech in the league's December 1930 was very close to Quid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah.

Iqbal is known as Shair-e-Mushriq meaning Poet of the East. He is also called Muffakir-e-Pakistan "The Inceptor of Pakistan", and Hakeem-ul-Ummat "The Sage of the Ummah". Pakistan has officially recognised him as its "national poet". In Iran and Afghanistan he is famous as Iqbal-e Lahori (Iqbal of Lahore), and he is most appreciated for his Persian work.

His birthday is celebrated on November 9 and is a holiday in Pakistan.

Biography

Iqbal was born in Sialkot, within the Punjab Province of British India (now in Pakistan). Iqbal ancestors were kashmiri Pandits, the Brahmins from Kashmir who converted to Islam. In the 19th century, when Sikh were taking over rule of Kashmir, his grandfather's family migrated to Punjab. Iqbal often mentioned and reminisced about his Kashmiri Pandit Brahmin lineage in his writings.

Iqbal's father, Shaikh Noor Mohammad, was a tailor, not formally educated but a religious man. Iqbal's mother Imam Bibi was a polite and humble woman who helped the poor and solved the problems of neighbours. She died on November 9, 1914 in Sialkot. Iqbal loved his mother, and on her death he expressed his feelings of pathos in a poetic form elegy.

"Who would wait for me anxiously in my native place?
Who would display restlessness if my letter fails to arrive?
I will visit thy grave with this complaint:
Who will now think of me in midnight prayers?
All thy life thy love served me with devotion—
When I became fit to serve thee, thou hast departed."

When Iqbal was four years old, he was sent to the mosque to learn the Quran. Later, Syed Mir Hassan, the head of the Madrassa in Sialkot, became his teacher. Iqbal received the Faculty of Arts diploma from Scotch Mission College in 1895, where his teacher Hassan was the professor of Arabic. In the same year Iqbal married Karim Bibi, the daughter of a Gujrati physician Khan Bahadur Ata Muhammad Khan, through a first arranged marriage. They had daughter Miraj Begum and son Aftab Iqbal. Later Iqbal's second marriage was with Sardar Begum mother of Javid Iqbal and third marriage with Mukhtar Begum in December 1914.

During first marriage at the same time, Iqbal also began to study philosophy, English literature and Arabic in Lahore's Government college. He graduated cum laude with a Bachelor of Arts degree.

Higher Education in Europe

Iqbal was close to Sir Thomas Arnold, an philosophy teacher at the college. Iqbal was influenced by Arnold's teachings and so traveled to Europe for his higher education. Iqbal qualified for a scholarship from Trinity College in Cambrige in 1907, and was called to the bar as a barrister from Lincoln's Inn in 1908.

During his study in Europe, Iqbal began to write poetry in Persian. He prioritized it because he believed he had found an easy way to express his thoughts. He would write continuously in Persian throughout his life.

Iqbal went to Heidelberg Germany in 1907. His German teacher, Emma Wegenast, taught him about Goethe's "Faust", Heine and Nietzsche. Iqbal had feelings for her, but no relationship developed.

He continued with his PhD degree, receiving admission to the Faculty of Philosophy of the Ludwig Maximilian University in 1907 at Munich. Working under the guidance of Friedrich Hommel, Iqbal published his doctoral thesis in 1908 entitled: The Development of Metaphysics in Persia.

Academic Career

Iqbal took up an assistant professorship at Government College, Lahore, when he returned to India, but for financial reasons he relinquished it within a year to practice law. While maintaining his legal practice, Iqbal began concentrating on spiritual and religious subjects, and publishing poetry and literary works. He became active in the Anjuman-e-Himayat-e-Islam, a congress of Muslim intellectuals, writers and poets as well as politicians. In 1919, he became the general secretary of the organisation. Iqbal's thoughts in his work primarily focus on the spiritual direction and development of human society, centred around experiences from his travels and stays in Western Europe and the Middle East. He was profoundly influenced by Western philosophers such as Friedrich Nietzsche, Henri Bergson and Goethe.

The poetry and philosophy of Mawlana Rumi bore the deepest influence on Iqbal's mind. Deeply grounded in religion since childhood, Iqbal began intensely concentrating on the study of Islam, the culture and history of Islamic civilization and its political future, while embracing Rumi as "his guide." Iqbal would feature Rumi in the role of guide in many of his poems. Iqbal's works focus on reminding his readers of the past glories of Islamic civilization, and delivering the message of a pure, spiritual focus on Islam as a source for socio-political liberation and greatness. Iqbal denounced political divisions within and amongst Muslim nations, and frequently alluded to and spoke in terms of the global Muslim community, or the Ummah.

Allama Iqbal's poetry has also been translated into several European languages where his works were famous during the early part of the 20th century. Iqbal’s Asrar-i-Khudi and Javed Nama were translated into English by R A Nicholson and A J Arberry respectively.

Political Life

While dividing his time between law and poetry, Iqbal had remained active in the Muslim League. He did not support Indian involvement in World War I, as well as the Khilafat movement and remained in close touch with Muslim political leaders such as Maulana Mohammad Ali and Muhammad Ali Jinnah. He was a critic of the

mainstream Indian National Congress, which he regarded as dominated by Hindus and was disappointed with the League when during the 1920s, it was absorbed in factional divides between the pro-British group led by Sir Muhammad Shafi and the centrist group led by Jinnah.

In November 1926, with the encouragement of friends and supporters, Iqbal contested for a seat in the Punjab Legislative Assembly from the Muslim district of Lahore, and defeated his opponent by a margin of 3,177 votes.[22] He supported the constitutional proposals presented by Jinnah with the aim of guaranteeing Muslim political rights and influence in a coalition with the Congress, and worked with the Aga Khan and other Muslim leaders to mend the factional divisions and achieve unity in the Muslim League.

Literary Works

Persian

Iqbal's poetic works are written primarily in Persian rather than Urdu. Among his 12,000 verses of poetry, about 7,000 verses are in Persian. In 1915, he published his first collection of poetry, the Asrar-e-Khudi (Secrets of the Self) in Persian. The poems emphasise the spirit and self from a religious, spiritual perspective. Many critics have called this Iqbal's finest poetic work In Asrar-e-Khudi, Iqbal explains his philosophy of "Khudi," or "Self." Iqbal's use of the term "Khudi" is synonymous with the word "Rooh" mentioned in the Quran. "Rooh" is that divine spark which is present in every human being, and was present in Adam, for which God ordered all of the angels to prostrate in front of Adam. One has to make a great journey of transformation to realize that divine spark which Iqbal calls "Khudi".

The same concept was used by Farid ud Din Attar in his "Mantaq-ul-Tair". He proves by various means that the whole universe obeys the will of the "Self." Iqbal condemns self-destruction. For him, the aim of life is self-realization and self-knowledge. He charts the stages through which the "Self" has to pass before finally arriving at its point of perfection, enabling the knower of the "Self" to become a viceregent of God.

In his Rumuz-e-Bekhudi (Hints of Selflessness), Iqbal seeks to prove the Islamic way of life is the best code of conduct for a nation's viability. A person must keep his individual characteristics intact, but once this is achieved he should sacrifice his personal ambitions for the needs of the nation. Man cannot realise the "Self" outside of society. Also in Persian and published in 1917, this group of poems has as its main themes the ideal community, Islamic ethical and social principles, and

the relationship between the individual and society. Although he is true throughout to Islam, Iqbal also recognises the positive analogous aspects of other religions. The Rumuz-e-Bekhudi complements the emphasis on the self in the Asrar-e-Khudi and the two collections are often put in the same volume under the title Asrar-e-Rumuz (Hinting Secrets). It is addressed to the world's Muslims.

Iqbal's 1924 publication, the Payam-e-Mashriq (The Message of the East) is closely connected to the West-östlicher Diwan by the famous German poet Goethe. Goethe bemoans the West having become too materialistic in outlook, and expects the East will provide a message of hope to resuscitate spiritual values. Iqbal styles his work as a reminder to the West of the importance of morality, religion and civilization by underlining the need for cultivating feeling, ardour and dynamism. He explains that an individual can never aspire to higher dimensions unless he learns of the nature of spirituality. In his first visit to Afghanistan, he presented his book "Payam-e Mashreq" to King Amanullah Khan in which he admired the liberal movements of Afghanistan against the British Empire. In 1933, he was officially invited to Afghanistan to join the meetings regarding the establishment of Kabul University.

The Zabur-e-Ajam (Persian Psalms), published in 1927, includes the poems Gulshan-e-Raz-e-Jadeed (Garden of New Secrets) and Bandagi Nama (Book of Slavery). In Gulshan-e-Raz-e-Jadeed, Iqbal first poses questions, then answers them with the help of ancient and modern insight, showing how it affects and concerns the world of action. Bandagi Nama denounces slavery by attempting to explain the spirit behind the fine arts of enslaved societies. Here as in other books, Iqbal insists on remembering the past, doing well in the present and preparing for the future, while emphasising love, enthusiasm and energy to fulfill the ideal life.

Iqbal's 1932 work, the Javed Nama (Book of Javed) is named after and in a manner addressed to his son, who is featured in the poems. It follows the examples of the works of Ibn Arabi and Dante's The Divine Comedy, through mystical and exaggerated depictions across time. Iqbal depicts himself as Zinda Rud ("A stream full of life") guided by Rumi, "the master," through various heavens and spheres, and has the honour of approaching divinity and coming in contact with divine illuminations. In a passage re-living a historical period, Iqbal condemns the Muslim who were instrumental in the defeat and death of Nawab Siraj-ud-Daula of Bengal and Tipu Sultan of Mysore respectively by betraying them for the benefit of the British colonists, and thus delivering their country to the shackles of slavery. At the end, by addressing his son Javid, he speaks to the young people at large, and provides guidance to the "new generation."

His love of the Persian language is evident in his works and poetry. He says in one of his poems:

"Even though in sweetness Urdu is sugar
(but) speech method in Dari (Persian) is sweeter "

Urdu

Iqbal's first work published in Urdu, the Bang-e-Dara (The Call of the Marching Bell) of 1924, was a collection of poetry written by him in three distinct phases of his life. The poems he wrote up to 1905, the year Iqbal left for England imbibe patriotism and imagery of landscape, and includes the Tarana-e-Hind (The Song of India), popularly known as Saare Jahan Se Achcha and another poem Tarana-e-Milli [Anthem of the (Muslim) Community], The second set of poems date from between 1905 and 1908 when Iqbal studied in Europe and dwell upon the nature of European society, which he emphasized had lost spiritual and religious values. This inspired Iqbal to write poems on the historical and cultural heritage of Islamic culture and Muslim people, not from an Indian but a global perspective. Iqbal urges the global community of Muslims, addressed as the Ummah to define personal, social and political existence by the values and teachings of Islam.

Iqbal preferred to work mainly in Persian for a predominant period of his career, but after 1930, his works were mainly in Urdu. The works of this period were often specifically directed at the Muslim masses of India, with an even stronger emphasis on Islam, and Muslim spiritual and political reawakening. Published in 1935, the Bal-e-Jibril (Wings of Gabriel) is considered by many critics as the finest of Iqbal's Urdu poetry, and was inspired by his visit to Spain, where he visited the monuments and legacy of the kingdom of the Moors. It consists of ghazals, poems, quatrains, epigrams and carries a strong sense religious passion.

The "Pas Cheh Bayed Kard ai Aqwam-e-Sharq" (What are we to do, O Nations of the East?) includes the poem Musafir (Traveler). Again, Iqbal depicts Rumi as a character and an exposition of the mysteries of Islamic laws and Sufi perceptions is given. Iqbal laments the dissension and disunity among the Indian Muslims as well as Muslim nations. Musafir is an account of one of Iqbal's journeys to Afghanistan, in which the Pashtun people are counseled to learn the "secret of Islam" and to "build up the self" within themselves. Iqbal's final work was the Armughan-e-Hijaz (The Gift of Hijaz), published posthumously in 1938. The first part contains quatrains in Persian, and the second part contains some poems and epigrams in Urdu. The Persian quatrains convey the impression as though the

poet is travelling through the Hijaz in his imagination. Profundity of ideas and intensity of passion are the salient features of these short poems.

Iqbal's vision of mystical experience is clear in one of his Urdu ghazals which was written in London during his days of studing there. Some verses of that ghazal are:

"At last the silent tongue of Hijaz has
announced to the ardent ear the tiding
That the covenant which had been given to the
desert-dwelles is going to be renewed
vigorously:

The lion who had emerged from the desert and
had toppled the Roman Empire is
As I am told by the angels, about to get up
again (from his slumbers.)

You the dwelles of the West, should know that
the world of God is not a shop (of yours).

Your imagined pure gold is about to lose it
standard value (as fixed by you).

Your civilization will commit suicide with its
own daggers."

English

Iqbal also wrote two books on the topic of The Development of Metaphysics in Persia and The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam and many letters in English language, beside of Urdu and Persian literary works.In which, he discussed about the Persian ideology and Islamic sufism in the way of his view that real Islamic sufism activates the awkward soul to superior idea of life. He also discussed philosophy, God and the meaning of prayer, human spirit and Muslim culture, political, social and religious problems.

Iqbal was invited to Cambridge to participate in the conference in 1931, where he expressed his inspired vision to students and other audience.

"I would like to offer a few pieces of advice to the youngmen who are at present studying at Cambridge ..... I advise you to guard against atheism and

materialism. The biggest blunder made by Europe was the separation of Church and State. This deprived their culture of moral soul and diverted it to the atheistic materialism. I had twenty-five years ago seen through the drawbacks of this civilization and therefore had made some prophecies. They had been delivered by my tongue although I did not quite understand them. This happened in 1907..... After six or seven years, my prophecies came true, word by word. The European war of 1914 was an outcome of the aforesaid mistakes made by the European nations in the separation of the Church and the State".

Final Years and Death

In 1933, after returning from a trip to Spain and Afghanistan, Iqbal began suffering from a mysterious throat illness. He spent his final years helping Chaudhry Niaz Ali Khan establish the Dar ul Islam Trust Institute at the latter's Jamalpur estate near Pathankot, an institution where studies in classical Islam and contemporary social science would be subsidised, and advocating the demand for an independent Muslim state. Iqbal ceased practising law in 1934 and he was granted pension by the Nawab of Bhopal. In his final years he frequently visited the Dargah of famous Sufi Hazrat Ali Hujwiri in Lahore for spiritual guidance. After suffering for months from his illness, Iqbal died in Lahore on 21 April 1938. His tomb is located in Hazuri Bagh, the enclosed garden between the entrance of the Badshahi Mosque and the Lahore Fort, and official guards are maintained there by the Government of Pakistan.

Iqbal is commemorated widely in Pakistan, where he is regarded as the ideological founder of the state. His Tarana-e-Hind is a song that is widely used in India as a patriotic song speaking of communal harmony. His birthday is annually commemorated in Pakistan as Iqbal Day, a national holiday. Iqbal is the namesake of many public institutions, including the Allama Iqbal Campus Punjab University in Lahore, the Allama Iqbal Medical College in Lahore, Iqbal Stadium in Faisalabad, Allama Iqbal Open University, the Allama Iqbal International Airport in Lahore, and Gulshan-e-Iqbal Town in Karachi. Government and public organizations have sponsored the establishment of colleges and schools dedicated to Iqbal, and have established the Iqbal Academy to research, teach and preserve the works, literature and philosophy of Iqbal. Allama Iqbal Stamps Society established for the promotion of Iqbaliyat in philately and in other hobbies. His son Javid Iqbal has served as a justice on the Supreme Court of Pakistan. Javaid Manzil was the last residence of Allama Iqbal.

A Cow And A Goat

There was a verdant pasture somewhere
Whose land was the very picture of beauty

How can the beauty of that elegance be described
Brooks of sparkling water were running on every side

Many were the pomegranate trees
And so were the shady peepul trees

Cool breeze flowed everywhere
Birds were singing everywhere

A goat arrived at a brook's bank from somewhere
It came browsing from somewhere in the nearby land

As she stopped and looked around
She noticed a cow standing by

The goat first presented her compliments to the cow
Then respectfully started this conversation

'How are you! Madam Cow'?
The cow replied, 'Not too well

'My life is a mere existence
My life is a complete agony

My life is in danger, what can I say?
My luck is bad, what can I say?

I am surprised at the state of affairs
I am cursing the evil people

The poor ones like us are powerless
Misfortunes surround the ones like us

None should nicely deal with Man
May God protect us from Man!

He murmurs if my milk declines
He sells me if my weight declines

He subdues us with cleverness!
Alluring, he always subjugates us!

I nurse his children with milk
I give them new life with milk

My goodness is repaid with evil
My prayer to God is for mercy! '

Having heard the cow's story like this
The goat replied, 'This complaint is unjust

Though truth is always bitter
I shall speak what is fair

This pasture, and this cool breeze
This green grass and this shade

Such comforts, were beyond our lot!
They were a far cry for us speechless poor!

We owe these pleasures to Man
We owe all our happiness to Man

We derive all our prosperity from him
What is better for us, freedom or bondage to him?

Hundreds of dangers lurk in the wilderness
May God protect us from the wilderness!

We are heavily indebted to him
Unjust is our complaint against him

If you appreciate the life's comforts
You would never complain against Man'

Hearing all this the cow felt embarrassed
She was sorry for complaining against Man

She mused over the good and the bad
And thoughtfully she said this

'Small though is the body of the goat
Convincing is the advice of the goat! '

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

A Longing

O Lord! I have become weary of human assemblages!
When the heart is sad no pleasure in assemblages can be

I seek escape from tumult, my heart desires
The silence which speech may ardently love!

I vehemently desire silence, I strongly long that
A small hut in the mountain's side may there be

Freed from worry I may live in retirement
Freed from the cares of the world I may be

Birds chirping may give the pleasure of the lyre
In the spring's noise may the orchestra's melody be

The flower bud bursting may give God's message to me
Showing the whole world 1 to me this small wine-cup may be

My arm may be my pillow, and the green grass my bed be
Putting the congregation to shame my solitude's quality be

The nightingale be so familiar with my face that
Her little heart harboring no fear from me may be

Avenues of green trees standing on both sides be
The spring's clear water providing a beautiful picture be

The view of the mountain range may be so beautiful
To see it the waves of water again and again rising be

The verdure may be asleep in the lap of the earth
Water running through the bushes may glistening be

Again and again the flowered boughs touching the water be
As if some beauty looking at itself in mirror be

When the sun apply myrtle to the evening's bride
The tunic of every flower may pinkish golden be

When night's travellers falter behind with fatigue
Their only hope my broken earthenware lamp may be

May the lightning lead them to my hut
When clouds hovering over the whole sky be.

The early dawn's cuckoo, that morning's mu'adhdhin2
May my confidante he be, and may his confidante I be

May I not be obligated to the temple or to the mosque
May the hut's hole alone herald of morning's arrival be

When the dew may come to perform the flowers' ablution
May wailing my supplication, weeping my ablution be

In this silence may my heart's wailing rise so high
That for stars' caravan the clarion's call my wailing be

May every compassionate heart weeping with me be
Perhaps it may awaken those who may unconscious be

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

A Mother's Dream

As I slept one night I saw this dream
Which further increased my vexation

I dreamt I was going somewhere on the way
Dark it was and impossible to find the way

Trembling all over with fear I was
Difficult to take even a step with fear was

With some courage as I forward moved
I saw some boys as lined in nice array

Dressed in emerald-like raiment they were
Carrying lighted lamps in their hands they were

They were going quietly behind each other
No one knew where they were to go

Involved in this thought was I
When in this troupe my son saw I

He was walking at the back, and was not walking fast
The lamp he had in his hand was not lighted

Recognizing him I said 'O My dear!
Where have you come leaving me there?

Restless due to separation I am
Weeping every day for ever I am

You did not care even a little for me
What loyalty you showed, you left me'!

As the child saw the distress in me
He replied thus, turning around to me

'The separation from me makes you cry
Not least little good does this to me'

He remained quiet for a while after talking
Showing me the lamp then he started talking

'Do you understand what happened to this?
Your tears have extinguished this'!

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

A Mountain And A Squirrel

A mountain was saying this to a squirrel
'Commit suicide if you have self-respect

You are insignificant, still so arrogant, how strange!
You are neither wise, nor intelligent! not even shrewd!

It is strange when the insignificant pose as important!
When the stupid ones like you pose as intelligent!

You are no match in comparison with my splendor
Even the earth is low compared with my splendor

The grandeur of mine does not fall to your lot
The poor animal cannot equal the great mountain! '

On hearing this the squirrel said, 'Hold your tongue!
These are immature thoughts, expel them from your heart!

I do not care if I am not large like you!
You are not a pretty little thing like me

Everything shows the Omni-potence of God
Some large, some small, is the wisdom of God

He has created you large in the world
And He has taught me climbing large trees

You are unable to walk a single step
Only large size! What other greatness have you?

If you are large show me some of the skills I have
Show me how you break this beetle nut as I can

Nothing is useless in this world
Nothing is bad in God's creation

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

A Prayer

My invocations are sincere and true,
They form my ablutions and prayers due.

One glance of guide such joy and warmth can grant,
On marge of stream can bloom the tulip plant.

One has no comrade on Love's journey long
Save fervent zeal, and passion great and strong.

O God, at gates of rich I do not bow,
You are my dwelling place and nesting bough.

Your Love in my breast burns like Doomsday morn,
The cry, He is God, on my lips is born.

Your Love, makes me God, fret with pain and pine,
You are the only quest and aim of mine.

Without You town appears devoid of life,
When present, same town appears astir with strife.

For wine of gnosis I request and ask,
To get some dregs I break the cup and glass.

The mystics' gourds and commons' pitchers wait
For liquor of your Grace and Bounty great.

Against Your godhead I have a genuine plaint,
For You the Spaceless, while for me restraint.

Both verse and wisdom indicate the way

Which longing face to face can not convey.

[Translated by Syed Akbar Ali Shah]

*

The mystic's soul is like the morning breeze:
It freshens and renews life's inner meaning;
An illumined soul can be a shepherd's, who
Could hear the Voice of God at God's
command.

[Translated by Naim Siddiqui]

Not: This poem has been written in the Mosque of Cordoba.

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

A Spider And A Fly

One day a spider said to a fly
'Though you pass this way daily

My hut has never been honored by you
By making a chance visit inside by you

Though depriving strangers of a visit does not matter
Evading the near and dear ones does not look good

My house will be honored by a visit by you
A ladder is before you if you decide to step in

Hearing this the fly said to the spider,
'Sire, you should entice some simpleton thus

This fly would never be pulled into your net
Whoever climbed your net could never step down'

The spider said, 'How strange, you consider me a cheat
I have never seen a simpleton like you in the world

I only wanted to entertain you
I had no personal gain in view

You have come flying from some unknown distant place
Resting for a while in my house would not harm you

Many things in this house are worth your seeing
Though apparently a humble hut you are seeing

Dainty drapes are hanging from the doors
And I have decorated the walls with mirrors

Beddings are available for guests' comforts
Not to everyone's lot do fall these comforts'.

The fly said, 'All this may very well be
But do not expect me to enter your house

'May God protect me from these soft beds
Once asleep in them getting up again is impossible'

The spider spoke to itself on hearing this talk
'How to trap it? This wretched fellow is clever

Many desires are fulfilled with flattery in the world
All in the world are enslaved with flattery'

Thinking this the spider spoke to the fly thus!
'Madam, God has bestowed great honors on you!

Everyone loves your beautiful face
Even if someone sees you for the first time

Your eyes look like clusters of glittering diamonds
God has adorned your beautiful head with a plume

This beauty, this dress, this elegance, this neatness!
And all this is very much enhanced by singing in flight'.

The fly was touched by this flattery
And spoke, 'I do not fear you any more

I hate the habit of declining requests
Disappointing somebody is bad indeed'

Saying this it flew from its place
When it got close the spider snapped it

The spider had been starving for many days
The fly provided a good leisurely meal

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Age Of Infancy

The earth and sky were unknown worlds to me
Only the expanse of mother's bosom was a world to me

Every movement was a symbol of life's pleasure to me
My own speech was like a meaningless word to me

During infancy's pain if somebody made me cry
The noise of the door chain would comfort me

Oh! How I stared at the moon for long hours
Staring at its silent journey among broken clouds

I would ask repeatedly about its mountains and plains
And how surprised would I be at that prudent lie

My eye was devoted to seeing, my lip was prone to speak
My heart was no less than inquisitiveness personified

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Ahead Of The Stars

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Bachaey Ki Duaa

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

First Date Tree Saeeded By Abdul Rahman The Firs

You are the apple of my eye,
My heart's delight:
I am remote from my valley,
To me you are the Burning Bush of Sinai!
You are a houri of the Arabian Desert,
Nursed by the Western breeze.
I feel homesick in exile,
You feel homesick in exile:

Prosper in this strange land!
May the morning dew quench your thirst!

The world presents a strange sight:
The vision's mantle is torn apart—
May valour struggle with the waves if it must,
The other side of the river is not to be seen!
Life owes itself to the heat of one's soul:
Flame does not rise from dust.
The Syrian evening's fallen star
Shined brighter in the exile's dawn.

There are no frontiers for the Man of Faith,
He is at home everywhere.

[Translated by the Editors]

*
That blood of pristine vigour is no more;
That yearning heart's power is no more;
Prayer, fasting, hajj, sacrifice survive,
But in thee nature's old dower is no more.

[Translated by Naim Siddiqui]

Not: These verses from Abdul Rahman the First
are quoted in Tarikh al Muqqari. The
following Urdu poem is a liberal
translation (the tree mentioned here was
planted in Madinatut Zahra)

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

I Desire

I want to have the extremes of your Love,
See, how silly am I, wishing for unachievable.

I don't care if you maltreat me or promise to unveil your beauty,
I just want something unbearable to test my fortitude

Let the God fearing people be dwelling in the paradise,
For, instead I want to be face to face with you.
(I don't want to go to paradise but want to observe the Divine Beauty)

O fellows, I am here for a few moments, as a gust,
Like morning star I will fade and vanish in a few moments.

I disclosed the secret in public,
I need to be punished for being so rude.

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Jawab-E-Shik

Whatever comes out of the heart is effective
It has no wings but has the power of flight

It has holy origins, it aims at elegance
It rises from dust, but has access to the celestial world

My love was seditious, rebellious and clever
My fearless wailing rent through the sky

On hearing it the sun said, 'Somewhere there is somebody! '
The planets said, 'At the 'Arsh-i-Bar

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Madness Of Love Is No More

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Mirza Ghalib

Through you the secret was revealed to the human intellect
That innumerable enigmas are solved by human intellect

You were the complete soul, literary assembly was your body
You adorned as well as remained veiled from the assembly

Your eye is longing to witness that veiled Beauty
Which is veiled in everything as the pathos of life

The assemblage of existence is rich with your harp
As mountain's silence by the brook's melodious harp

The garden of your imagination bestows glory on the universe
From the field of your thought worlds grow like meadows

Life is concealed in the humor of your verse
Picture's lips move with your command of language

Speech is very proud of the elegance of your miraculous lips
Thurayyah is astonished at your style's elegance

Beloved of literature itself loves your style
Delhi's bud is mocking at the rose of Shiraz

Ah! You are resting in the midst of Delhi's ruins
Your counterpart is resting in the Weimar's garden

Matching you in literary elegance is not possible
Till maturity of thought and imagination are combined

Ah! What has befallen the land of India!
Ah! The inspirer of the super-critical eye!

The lock of Urdu's hair still craves for combing
This candle still craves for moth's heart-felt pathos

O Jahanabad! O cradle of learning and art
Your entire super-structure is a silent lament

The sun and the moon are asleep in every speck of your dust
Though innumerable other gems are also hidden in your dust

Does another world-famous person like him also lie buried in you?
Does another gem like him also lie concealed in you?

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Mu'Tamid's Lament In Prison

In my breast,
A wail of grief,
Without any spark or flash,
Alone survives,
Passionless, ineffectual.
A free man is in prison today,
Without a spear or a sword;
Regret overwhelms me
And also my strategy.
My heart
Is drawn by instinct to chains.
Perhaps my sword was of the same steel.
Once I had a two-edged sword-
It turned into the chains that shackle me now.
How whimsical and indifferent
Is the Author of fates.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

Note: Mu'tamid was the king of Seville and an Arabic poet. He was defeated and imprisoned by a ruler of Spain. Mu'tamid's poems have been translated into English and published in the Wisdom of the East series.

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Pathos Of Love

O Pathos of Love! You are a glossy pearl
Beware, you should not appear among strangers

The theatre of your display is concealed under the veil
The modern audience' eye accepts only the visible display

New breeze has arrived in the Existence' garden
O Pathos of Love! Now there is no pleasure in display

Beware! You should not be striving for ostentation!
You should not be obligated to the nightingale's lament!

The tulip's wine-cup should be devoid of wine
The dew's tear should be a mere dropp of water

Your secret should be hidden in the bosom somewhere
Your heart-melting tear should not be your betrayer

The flowery-styled poet's tongue should not be talking
Separation's complaint should not be concealed in flute's music

This age is a critic, go and somewhere conceal yourself
In the heart in which you are residing conceal yourself

The learning's surprise is neglecting you, beware!
Your immature eye is not the seeker of Truth, beware

Let the elegant thought remain in search of Truth
Let your wisdom-loving eye remain in astonishment

This is not the garden whose spring you may be
This is not the audience worthy of your appearance

This audience is the lover of the material sights
The purpose of your sight is the closet of secrecy

Every heart is intoxicated with the wine of thinking
Something different is the Tur of the Kalims of this age

Said The Coal To A Diamond

My stuff is so vile, I am less than dust
while your gleam rends the mirror's heart.
My darkness lights the chafing-dish
before I am incinerated. A miner's boot
tramples my head, covering me with ashes.

Do you know my life's gist?
A condensed sliver of smoke, transformed
into a single spark, in feature and nature
starlike, your every facet a splendor,
light of the king's eye, the dagger's jewel.

Friend, be wise, the diamond replied, assume
a bezel's dignity! Loam strives to harden
to fill my bosom with radiance. Burn
because you are soft. Banish fear and grief.
Be hard as stone, be a diamond.

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Shikwaa

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Spain

Spain! You are the trustee of the Muslim
blood:
In my eyes you are sanctified like the Harem.
Prints of prostration lie hidden in your dust,
Silent calls to prayers in your morning air.
In your hills and vales were the tents of those,
The tips of whose lances were bright like the
stars.
Is more henna needed by your pretties?
My lifeblood can give them some colour!
How can a Muslim be put down by the straw
and grass,
Even if his flame has lost its heat and fire!
My eyes watched Granada as well,
But the traveller's content neither in journey
nor in rest:
I saw as well as showed, I spoke as well as
listened,
Neither seeing nor learning brings calm to the
heart!

*
The veiled secrets are becoming manifest—
Bygone the days of you cannot see Me;
Whosoever finds his self first,
Is Mahdi himself, the Guide of the Last Age.

Not: Written in Spain—on the way back.

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Sympathy

Perched on the branch of a tree
Was a nightingale sad and lonely

'The night has drawn near', He was thinking
'I passed the day in flying around and feeding

How can I reach up to the nest
Darkness has enveloped everything'?

Hearing the nightingale wailing thus
A glow-worm lurking nearby spoke thus

'With my heart and soul ready to help I am
Though only an insignificant insect I am

Never mind if the night is dark
I shall shed light if the way is dark

God has bestowed a torch on me
He has given a shining lamp to me

The good in the world only those are
Ready to be useful to others who are

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

Taraana-E-Milli

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Age Of Infancy

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Bird's Complaint

I am constantly reminded of the bygone times
Those garden's springs, those chorus of chimes

Gone are the freedoms of our own nests
Where we could come and go at our own pleasure

My heart aches the moment I think
Of the buds' smile at the dew's tears

That beautiful figure, that Kamini's form
Which source of happiness in my nest did form

I do not hear those lovely sounds in my cage now
May it happen that my freedom be in my own hands now!

How unfortunate I am, tantalized for my abode I am
My companions are in the home-land, in the prison I am

Spring has arrived, the flower buds are laughing
On my misfortune in this dark house I am wailing

God, To whom should I relate my tale of woe?
I fear lest I die in this cage with this woe (grief) !

Since separation from the garden the condition of my heart is such
My heart is waxing the grief, my grief is waxing the heart

O Listeners, considering this music do not be happy
This call is the wailing of my wounded heart

O the one who confined me make me free
A silent prisoner I am, earn my blessings free

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Candle

O Candle! I am also an afflicted person in the world assembly
Constant complaint is my lot in the manner of the rue

Love gave the warmth of internal pathos to you
It made me the florist selling blood-mixed tears

Whether you be the candle of a celebrating assembly or one at the grave
In every condition associated with the tears of sorrow you remain

Your eye views all with equity like the Secret's Lovers
My eye is the pride of the tumult of discrimination

Your illumination is alike in the Ka'bah and the temple
I am entangled in the temple and the Haram's discrimination

Your black smoke contains the sigh's elegance
Is some heart hidden in the place of your manifestation?

You burn with pathos due to distance from Tajalli's Light
Your pathos the callous ones consider your light

Though you are burning you are unaware of it all
You see but do not encompass the internal pathos

I quiver like mercury with the excitement of vexation
As well I am aware of vexations of the restless heart

This was also the elegance of some Beloved
Which gave me perception of my own pathos

This cognition of mine keeps me restless
Innumerable fire temples are asleep in this spark

Discrimination between high and low is created by this alone!
Fragrance in flower, ecstasy in wine is created by this alone!

Garden, nightingale, flower, fragrance this Cognition is

Root of the struggle of ‘I and you' this Cognition is

At creation's dawn as Beauty became the abode of Love
The sound of "Kun" taught warmth to the spirit of Love

The command came Beauty of Kun's garden to witness
With one eye a thousand dreadful dreams to witness
Do not ask me of the nature of the veil of being
The eve of separation was the dawn of my being

Gone are the days when unaware of imprisonment I was
That my abode the adornment of the tree of Tur was
I am a prisoner but consider the cage to be a garden
This exile's hovel of sorrow I consider the homeland

Memories of the homeland a needless melancholy became
Now the desire for sight, now Longing for search became
O Candle! Look at the excessive illusion of thought
Look at the end of the one worshipped by celestial denizens

Theme of separation I am, the exalted one I am
Design of the Will of the Universe's Lord I am

He desired my display as He designed me
When at the head of Existence' Divan He wrote me

The pearl likes living in a handful of dust
Style may be dull the subject is excellent

Not seeing it rightly is the fault of shortsighted perception
The universe is the show of effulgence of taste for Cognizance

This network of time and space is the scaling ladder of the Universe
It is the necklace of the neck of Eternal BeautyI
have lost the way, Longing for the goal I am
O Candle! Captive of perception's illusion I am

I am the hunter as well as the circle of tyranny's net!
I am the Haram's roof as well as the bird on Haram's roofAm I the Beauty or head to foot the melting love am I?

It is not clear whether the beloved or the Lover am I?

am afraid the old secret may come up to my lips again
Lest story of suffering on the Cross may come up again.

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Candle And The Moth

O Candle! Why does the moth love you?
Why is this restless soul devoted to you?

Your charm keeps it restless like mercury
Did you teach it the etiquette of Love?

It circumambulates the site of your manifestation
Is it inspired with the fire of your lightning?

Do the woes of death give it the peace of life?
Does your flame possess the quality of eternal life?

If you do not brighten this sorrowful world
This burning heart's tree of Longing may not green up

Falling before you is the prayer of this little heart
The taste for impassioned Love knows this little heart

It has some zeal of the Primeval Beauty's Lover
You are a small ñër, it is a small Kalam

The moth and the taste for the Sight of the Light!
This small insect and the Longing for the Light!

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Cloud On The Mountain

Elevation bestows the sky's nearness to my abode
I am the mountain's cloud, my skirt sprinkles roses

Now the wilderness, now the rose garden is my abode
City and wilderness are mine, ocean is mine, forest is mine

If I want to return to some valley for the night
The mountain's verdure is my carpet of velvet

Nature has taught me to be a pearl spreader
To chant the camel song for the camel of the Beloved of Mercy

To be the comforter of the dispirited farmer's heart
To be the elegance of the assembly of the garden's trees

I spread out over the face of the earth like the locks
I get arranged and adorned by the breeze's

I tantalize the expecting eye from a distance
As I pass silently over some habitation

As I approach strolling towards a brook's bank
I endow the brook with ear rings of whirlpools

I am the hope of the freshly grown field's verdure
I am the ocean's offspring, I am nourished by the sun

I gave ocean's tumult to the mountain spring
I charmed the birds into thrilling chants

I pronounced 'Rise' standing by the verdure's head
I conferred the taste for smile to the rose-bud

By my benevolence farmers' huts on the mountain side
Are converted into bed chambers of the opulent.

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Colorful Rose

You are not troubled with solving enigmas
O, beautiful Rose! nor do you have sublime feelings in your heart

Though you ornament the assembly, still you flower apart
In life's assembly I am not permitted such comforts

In my garden I am the complete orchestra of longing
While your life is devoid of love's passionate warmth

To pluck you from the branch is not my custom
I am not blinded by mere appearances

O, colorful rose this hand is not your tormentor
I am no callous flower picker!

I am no intern to analyze you with scientific eyes
Like a lover, I see you with nightingales' eyes

Despite your innumerable tongues, you have chosen silence
What secrets, O Rose, lie concealed in your bosom?

Like me you're a leaf from the garden of Ñër
Far from the garden I am, far from the garden we both are

You are content, but I am a scattered fragrance
Pierced by the sword of love in my quest

This turmoil within me might be a means of fulfillment
This torment, a source of illumination

My frailty might be the beginning of strength
My envy might mirror the cup of divination

My constant vigil is a world-illuminating candle
And teaches this steed, the human intellect, to gallop

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Crescent

The sun's boat is broken and drowned in the Nile
But a piece is floating about on the water of the Nile

The twilight's pure blood drips into the sky's basin
Has the lancet of Nature drawn the sun's blood?

Has the sky stolen the ear ring of the evening's bride?
Or has the fragile cord in the Nile's waters strolling?

Your caravan is afoot without help of bell's call
The human ear cannot hear your foot-steps' sound

You show the spectacle of rise and fall to the eyes
Where is your home? To which country are you going?

O star-like planet take me with yourself
The prick of Longing's thorn keeps me restless

I am seeking light, I am weary in this habitation
I am the restless child in the existence's school…

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Himalayas

O Himalah! O rampart of the realm of India!
Bowing down, the sky kisses your forehead

Your condition does not show any signs of old age
You are young in the midst of day and night's alternation

The Kalâm of ñër Sân« witnessed but one Effulgence
For the discerning eye you are an embodiment of Effulgence

To the outward eye you are a mere mountain range
In reality you are our sentinel, you are India's rampart

You are the diwan whose opening verse is the sky
You lead Man to the solitudes of his heart's retreat

Snow has endowed you with the turban of honour
Which scoffs at the crown of the world-illuminating sun

Antiquity is but a moment of your bygone age
Dark clouds are encamped in your valleys

Your peaks are matching with the pleiades in elegance
Though you are standing on earth your abode is sky's expanse

The stream in your flank is a fast flowing mirror
For which the breeze is working like a kerchief

The mountain top's lightning has given a whip
In the hands of cloud for the ambling horse

O Himalah! Are you like a theater stage
Which nature's hand has made for its elements?

Ah! How the cloud is swaying in excessive joy
The cloud like an unchained elephant is speeding

Gentle movement of the morning zephyr is acting like a cradle
Every flower bud is swinging with intoxication of existence

The flower bud's silence with the petal's tongue is saying
'I have never experienced the jerk of the florist's hand

Silence itself is relating the tale of mine
The corner of nature's solitude is the abode of mine'

The brook is melodiously descending from the high land
Putting the waves of Kawthar and Tasnâm to embarrassment

As if showing the mirror to Nature's beauty
Now evading now rowing against the rock in its way

Play in passing this orchestra of beautiful music
O wayfarer! The heart comprehends your music

When the night's Lailah unfurls her long hair
The sound of water-falls allures the heart

That silence of the night whose beauty surpasses speech
That state of silent meditation overshadowing the trees

That dusk's beauty which shivers along the mountain range
Very beautiful looks this rouge on your cheeks

O Himalah! Do relate to us some stories of the time
When your valleys became abode of Man's ancestors

Relate something of the life without sophistication
Which had not been stained by the rouge of sophistication

O Imagination! Bring back that period
O Vicissitudes of Time speed backwards

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Intellect And The Heart

One day Intellect said to the heart
'A guide to the misguided ones I am

Being on the earth I reach up to the sky
Look, how deep in comprehension I am

Guidance on earth is my sole occupation
Like the auspicious Khidr 1 in character I am

Interpreter of the book of life I am
The Manifestation of God's Glory I am

You are only a dropp of blood, but
The invaluable ruby's envy I am'

Hearing this the heart said, 'All this is true
But look at me as well, what I am

You understand the secrets of life
But seeing them with my own eyes I am

Concerned with the manifest order you are
And acquainted with the inward I am

Learning is from you, but Divine Knowledge is from me
You only seek Divinity, but showing Divinity I am

Restlessness is the end of Knowledge 2
But the remedy for that malady I am

You are the candle of the assembly of Truth
The lamp of the Divine Beauty's assemblage I am

You are related to time and space
The bird recognizing the Sidrah 3 I am

Look at the grandeur of my station
The throne of the God of Majesty I am

The Interrogatio

The bright sun is hidden, the night shows its face
The night's hair is spread on shoulders of the earth

This black dress is preparation for some one's mourning
Perhaps the Nature's assemblage for the sun is mourning

The sky is casting a spell over the talking lip
The night's magician is watching the awakened eye

The wind current is submerged in the river of silence
However, the tolling bell's sound comes from the distance

Heart which in love's turmoil is evading the world
Has dragged me here far from the maddening crowd

I am the spectator of the spectacle of disappointments
I am the associate of those sleeping in solitude's corner

O My restlessness! Wait and let me rest awhile
And let me shed a few tears at this habitation

O those steeped in a swoon, 'Where are you?
Tell me something of the land where you live

Is that world also one of prevarication?
Is that world also one of denizens' struggle?

Is Man engulfed by sorrow in that land also?
Is Man's heart suppressed and helpless in that land also?

Does the moth burn itself in candle's love in that land also?
Does the tale of flower and nightingale exist in that garden also?

In this world a single hemistich perturbs the heart
Does there also the warmth of verse soften the heart?

This world's relations and alliances life's woes are
Are similar sharp thorns present in that garden also?

The daily bread and a million calamities this world has
Does the soul freedom from anxieties in that world has?

Are the thunder, the farmer, the harvest there also?
Are the caravan and the robber's fear there also?

Do birds collect bits of straw for nests there also?
Is the search for bricks and clay for house there also?

Are the humans unaware of their reality there also? 1
Are they after nations' and customs' discrimination there also

Does garden not cry at the nightingale's wail there also?
Like this world is there no sympathy in that world also?

Does the Paradise a garden or a restful mansion constitute?
Or does the Eternal Beauty's Unveiled Face it constitute? 2

Does hell a method of burning away sins constitute?
Or it in flames of fire a way of discipline constitute?

Has walking given way to speedy flying in that world?
What is the secret of what is called death by denizens of this world?

Life eases the heart's restlessness in this world
Is human knowledge also restricted in that world?

Does the separated heart get satisfaction by sight there also?
Are 'Lan Tar

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Morning Sun

Far from the ignoble strife of Man's tavern you are
The wine-cup adorning the sky's assemblage you are

The jewel which should be the pearl of the morning's bride's ear you are
The ornament which would be the pride of horizon's forehead you are

The blot of night's ink from time's page has been removed!
The star from sky like a spurious picture has been removed!

When from the roof of the sky your beauty appears
Effect of sleep's wine suddenly from eyes disappears

Perception's expanse gets filled with light
Though opens only the material eye your light

The spectacle which the eyes seek is desired
The effulgence which would open the insight is desired

The desires for freedom were not fulfilled in this life
We remained imprisoned in chains of dependence all life

The high and the low are alike for your eye
I too have longing for such a discerning eye

May my eye shedding tears in sympathy for others' woes be!
May my heart free from the prejudice of nation and customs be!

May my tongue be not bound with discrimination of color
May mankind be my nation, the whole world my country be

May secret of Nature's organization clear to my insight be
May smoke of my imagination's candle rising to the sky be

May search for secrets of opposites not make me restless!
May the Love-creating Beauty in everything appear to me!

If the rose petals get damaged by the breeze
May its pain dropping from my eye as a tear be

May the heart contain that little spark of Love's fire
The light of which may contain the secret of the Truth

May my heart not mine but the Beloved's mirror be!
May no thought in my mind except human sympathy be!

If you cannot endure the hardships of the tumultuous world
O the Great Luminary that is not the mark of greatness!

As you are not aware of your world-decorating beauty
You cannot be equal to a speck of dust at the Man's door!

The light of Man eager for the Spectacle ever remained
And you obligated to the tomorrow's morning ever remained

Longing for the Light of the Truth is only in our hearts
Abode of Lailah of desire for search is only in this litter

Opening of the difficult knot, Oh what a pleasure it is!
The pleasure of universal gain in our endless effort is!

Your bosom is unacquainted with the pain of investigation
You are not familiar with searching of the secrets of Nature

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Mosque Of Cordoba

The succession of day and night
Is the architect of events.
The succession of day and night
Is the fountain-head of life and death.
The succession of day and night
Is a two-tone silken twine,
With which the Divine Essence
Prepares Its apparel of Attributes.

The succession of day and night
Is the reverberation of the symphony of
Creation.
Through its modulations, the Infinite
demonstrates
The parameters of possibilities.

The succession of day and night
Is the touchstone of the universe;
Now sitting in judgement on you,
Now setting a value on me.

But what if you are found wanting.
What if I am found wanting.
Death is your ultimate destiny.
Death is my ultimate destiny.

What else is the reality of your days
and nights,
Besides a surge in the river of time,
Sans day, sans night.

Frail and evanescent, all miracles of
ingenuity,
Transient, all temporal attainments;
Ephemeral, all worldly accomplishments.

Annihilation is the end of all
beginnings.
Annihilation is the end of all ends.

Extinction, the fate of everything;
Hidden or manifest, old or new.

Yet in this very scenario
Indelible is the stamp of permanence
On the deeds of the good and godly.

Deeds of the godly radiate with Love,
The essence of life,
Which death is forbidden to touch.

Fast and free flows the tide of time,
But Love itself is a tide that stems all tides.

In the chronicle of Love there are times
Other than the past, the present and the
future;
Times for which no names have yet
been coined.

Love is the breath of Gabriel.
Love is the heart of Mustafa.
Love is the messenger of God.
Love is the Word of God.

Love is ecstasy lends luster to earthly
forms.
Love is the heady wine,
Love is the grand goblet.

Love is the commander of marching troops.
Love is a wayfarer with many a way-side
abode.

Love is the plectrum that brings
Music to the string of life.
Love is the light of life.
Love is the fire of life.

To Love, you owe your being,
O, Harem of Cordoba,
To Love, that is eternal;

Never waning, never fading.

Just the media these pigments, bricks
and stones;
This harp, these words and sounds, just
the media.
The miracle of art springs from the
lifeblood of the artist!

A droplet of the lifeblood
Transforms a piece of dead rock into a living
heart;
An impressive sound, into a song of
solicitude,
A refrain of rapture or a melody of mirth.

The aura you exude, illumines the
heart.
My plaint kindles the soul.
You draw the hearts to the Presence
Divine,

I inspire them to bloom and blossom.
No less exalted than the Exalted Throne,
Is the throne of the heart, the human breast!
Despite the limit of azure skies,
Ordained for this handful of dust.

Celestial beings, born of light,
Do have the privilege of supplication,
But unknown to them
Are the verve and warmth of
prostration.

An Indian infidel, perchance, am I;
But look at my fervour, my ardour.
'Blessings and peace upon the Prophet,' sings
my heart.
'Blessings and peace upon the Prophet,' echo
my lips.

My song is the song of aspiration.

My lute is the serenade of longing.
Every fibre of my being
Resonates with the refrains of Allah hoo!

Your beauty, your majesty,
Personify the graces of the man of faith.
You are beautiful and majestic.
He too is beautiful and majestic.

Your foundations are lasting,
Your columns countless,
Like the profusion of palms
In the plains of Syria.

Your arches, your terraces, shimmer with the
light
That once flashed in the valley of Aiman
Your soaring minaret, all aglow
In the resplendence of Gabriel's glory.

The Muslim is destined to last
As his Azan holds the key to the
mysteries
Of the perennial message of Abraham
and Moses.

His world knows no boundaries,
His horizon, no frontiers.
Tigris, Danube and Nile:
Billows of his oceanic expanse.

Fabulous, have been his times!
Fascinating, the accounts of his
achievements!
He it was, who bade the final adieu
To the outworn order.

A cup-bearer is he,
With the purest wine for the connoisseur;
A cavalier in the path of Love
With a sword of the finest steel.

A combatant, with la ilah
As his coat of mail.
Under the shadow of flashing
scimitars,
'La ilah' is his protection.

Your edifice unravels
The mystery of the faithful;
The fire of his fervent days,
The bliss of his tender nights.

Your grandeur calls to mind
The loftiness of his station,
The sweep of his vision,
His rapture, his ardour, his pride, his
humility.

The might of the man of faith
Is the might of the Almighty:
Dominant, creative, resourceful, consummate.

He is terrestrial with celestial aspect;
A being with the qualities of the
Creator.
His contented self has no demands
On this world or the other.

His desires are modest; his aims exalted;
His manner charming; his ways winsome.

Soft in social exposure,
Tough in the line of pursuit.
But whether in fray or in social
gathering,
Ever chaste at heart, ever clean in
conduct.

In the celestial order of the macrocosm,
His immutable faith is the centre of the Divine
Compass.
All else: illusion, sorcery, fallacy.

He is the journey's end for reason,
He is the raison d 'etre of Love.
An inspiration in the cosmic
communion.

O, Mecca of art lovers,
You are the majesty of the true tenet.
You have elevated Andalusia
To the eminence of the holy Harem.

Your equal in beauty,
If any under the skies,
Is the heart of the Muslim
And no one else.

Ah, those men of truth,
Those proud cavaliers of Arabia;
Endowed with a sublime character,
Imbued with candour and conviction.

Their reign gave the world an
unfamiliar concept;
That the authority of the brave and
spirited
Lay in modesty and simplicity,
Rather than pomp and regality.

Their sagacity guided the East and the West.
In the dark ages of Europe,
It was the light of their vision
That lit up the tracks.

A tribute to their blood it is,
That the Andalusians, even today,
Are effable and warm-hearted,
Ingenuous and bright of countenance.

Even today in this land,
Eyes like those of gazelles are a common
sight.
And darts shooting out of those eyes,
Even today, are on target.

Its breeze, even today,
Is laden with the fragrance of Yemen.
Its music, even today,
Carries strains of melodies from Hijaz.

Stars look upon your precincts as a piece of
heaven.
But for centuries, alas!
Your porticoes have not resonated
With the call of the muezzin.

What distant valley, what way-side abode
Is holding back
That valiant caravan of rampant Love.

Germany witnessed the upheaval of religious
reforms
That left no trace of the old perspective.

Infallibility of the church sage began to
ring false.
Reason, once more, unfurled its sails.

France too went through its revolution
That changed the entire orientation of
Western life.

Followers of Rome,
Feeling antiquated worshipping the
ancientry,
Also rejuvenated themselves
With the relish of novelty.

The same storm is raging today
In the soul of the Muslim.
A Divine secret it is,
Not for the lips to utter.

Let us see what surfaces
From the depths of the deep.
Let us see what colour

The blue sky changes into.

Clouds in the yonder valley
Are drenched in roseate twilight.
The parting sun has left behind
Mounds and mounds of rubies, the best from
Badakhshan.

Simple and doleful is the song
Of the peasant's daughter:
Tender feelings adrift in the tide of
youth.

O, the ever-flowing waters of Guadalquivir1,
Someone on your banks
Is seeing a vision of some other period of
time.

Tomorrow is still in the womb of
intention,
But its dawn is flashing before my
mind's eye.

Were I to lift the veil
From the profile of my reflections,
The West would be dazzled by its brilliance.

Life without change is death.
The tumult and turmoil of revolution
Keep the soul of a nation alive.

Keen, as a sword in the hands of Destiny
Is the nation
That evaluates its actions at each step.

Incomplete are all creations
Without the lifeblood of the creator.
Soulless is the melody
Without the lifeblood of the maestro.

[Translated by Saleem A. Gilani]

Not: This poem was written in in Spain, especially Cordoba

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The One I Was Searching For On The Earth And In Heaven

The one I was searching for on the earth and in heaven
Appeared residing in the recesses of my own heart

When the reality of the self became evident to my eyes
The house appeared among residents of my own heart

If it were somewhat familiar with taste of rubbing foreheads
The stone of Ka'ba's threshold would have joined the foreheads

O Majnun! Have you ever glanced at yourself
That like Layla you are also sitting in the litter

The months of the union continue flying like moments
But the moments of separation linger for months!

O seaman, how will you protect me from being drowned
As those destined to drowning get drowned in the boats also

The one who concealed His Beauty from Kalim Allah
The same Beloved is manifest among beloveds

The breath of Lovers can light up the extinguished candle
O God! What is kept concealed in the breast of the Lovers?

Serve the fakirs if you have the longing for Love
This pearl is not available in the treasures of kings

Do not ask of these Devotees, if you have faith, you should look at them
They have the illuminated palm up their sleeves

The insightful eye for whose spectacle is tantalized
That elegance of congregation is in these very recluses

Burn the produce of your heart with some such spark
That the Last Day's sun may also be among your gleaners

For Love search for some heart which would become mortified

This is the wine which is not kept in delicate wine glasses

The Beauty itself becomes the Lover of whose Beauty
O Heart! Does someone among the beautiful has that beauty?

Someone became highly excited at your grace of Ma’arafna
Your rank remained among the most elegant of all the Lovers

Manifest Thyself and show them Thy Beauty some time
Talks have continued among the sagacious since long time

Silent, O Heart! Crying in the full assembly is not good
Decorum is the most important etiquette among the ways of Love

It is not possible for me to deem my critics bad
Because Iqbal, I am myself among my critics

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Painful Wail

Consumed with grief I am, I get relief in no way
O circumambient waters of the Ganges drown me

Our land foments excessive mutual enmity
What unity! Our closeness harbors separation

Enmity instead of sincerity is outrageous
Enmity among the same barn's grains is outrageous

If the brotherly breeze has not entered in a garden
No pleasure can be derived from songs in that garden

Though I exceedingly love the real closeness
I am upset by the mixing of waves and the shore

The miraculous poet is like the grain from the barn
The grain has no existence if there is no barn

How can beauty unveil itself if no one is anxious for sight
Lighting of the candle is meaningless if there is no assembly

Why does the taste for speech not change to silence
Why does this brilliance not appear out from my mirror

Alas! My tongue poured its speech down
When war's fire had burnt the garden down

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Sun

O Sun! The world's essence and motivator you are
The organizer of the book of the world you are

The splendor of existence has been created by you
The verdure of the garden of existence depends on you

The spectacle of elements is maintained by you
The exigency of life in all is maintained by you

Your appearance confers stability on everything
Your illumination and concord is completion of life

You are the sun which establishes light in the world
Which establishes heart, intellect, essence and wisdom

O Sun! Bestow on us the light of wisdom
Bestow your luster's light on the intellect's eye

You are the decorator of necessaries of existence' assemblage
You are the Yazdan of the denizens of the high and the low

Your excellence is reflected from every living thing
The mountain range also shows your elegance

You are the sustainer of the life of all
You are the king of the light's children

There is no beginning and no end of yours
Free of limits of time is the light of yours

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Tomb-Stone Of Saiyyid

O you whose life is confined in the material world
O you whose soul is imprisoned in the cage

Look at the freedom of this garden's warblers
Look at the prosperity of those once desolate

This is the congregation with which I was concerned
This is the reward of patience and perseverance

My tomb-stone is ardently desirous of speech, look!
At this tomb-stone's inscription with insight look!

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

The Withered Rose

O withered rose! How can I still call you a rose?
How can I call you the longing of nightingale's heart?

Once the zephyr's movement was your rocking cradle
In the garden's expanse joyous rose was your name

The morning breeze acknowledged your benevolence
The garden was like perfumer's tray by your presence

My weeping eye sheds dew on you
My desolate heart is concealed in your sorrow

You are a tiny picture of my destruction
You are the interpretation of my life's dream

Like a flute to my reed-brake I narrate my story
Listen O rose! I complain about separations!

Allama Muhammad Iqbal